

MILES WALLINGFORD

By JAMES FINIMORE COOPER

CHAPTER XIII

"Whom have we here? Buckingham, to disturb me? The king hath sent him, sure; I must dissemble."

King Henry VI

At first, the frigate took single reef in her topsails, set topgallant sails over them, and hauled up on taut bowlines. But seeing no signs of our studding-sails coming down, she shook out her reefs, squared her yards, set topmast studding-sails, and kept off to a course that would be certain to intercept us. Little was up on our line of sailing some three weeks before we got down to her, and she kept standing off and on, hauling up her courses, and tarding her topgallant sails, and hauling down all her light sails, the jib excepted. As for the Dawn, she kept steadily on, carrying everything she could bear. We had topmast and lower studding-sails, and not a tack or sheet had been touched when we got within a quarter of a mile of the frigate. The Englishman now showed his colors, when we let him see the stars and stripes. Still no sail was touched on board us. As if surprised at our obstinacy, John Bull let fly a chase-gun, taking good care not to send the shot very near us. I thought it time, now, to shorten sail and to pretend to show him. We began to haul down our studding-sails, mouching the fashion, and before even this preliminary step to hearing was effected. As we approached, the frigate bore up, and ran off in company with us, keeping a hundred fathoms distance from us, and watching us closely. At this instant, I ordered the topgallant sails to be hauled down, as a sign we intended to let him board us. At length, having reduced the sails to the three topsails reefed, I hove-to the Dawn, and waited for a visit from the Englishman's boat. As soon as the frigate saw us fairly motionless, she shot up on our weather quarter, half a cable's length distant, swung her long, saucy-looking yards, and lay-to herself. At the same instant her lee quarter boat dropped into the water, with the crew in it, a boy of a midshipman scrambled down the ship's side and entered it also, a lieutenant followed, when away the cockpit of a thing swept on the crest of a sea, and was soon pulling round our stern. I started on a lieutenant, and examining my visitors, as they struggled against the swell, in order to get a boat-hook into our main-chains. The men were like any other main-of-war's men, neat, sturdy, and submissive in air. The rear was a well-dressed boy, evidently a gentleman's son; but the lieutenant was one of those who seldom employed in boats unless something more than common is to be done. He was a man of forty, hard-featured, peck-marked, red-faced, and scowling. I afterward ascertained he was the son of some underling about the Portsmouth dock-yard, who had worked his way up to a lieutenant's rank, and owned the privilege principally to his readiness in impressing seaweeds. His name was Sennit.

We threw Mr. Sennit a rope, as a matter of course, and Marble met him at the gangway with the usual civilities. I was amused with the meeting between these men, who had strictly the analogy to each other, while the lieutenant, a diamond-cut diamond, was described as "diamond-cut diamond." Each was dogmatical, positive, and full of national conceit, in his own fashion; and each hated the other's country as heartily as man could hate, while both despised Frenchmen. But Sennit knew a mate from a mate, at a glance; and without noticing Marble's sea-bow, a slight for which Marble did not soon forgive him, he walked directly aft to me, not well pleased, as I thought, that a shipmate had neglected to be at the gangway to meet a sea lieutenant.

"Your servant, sir," commenced Mr. Sennit, condescending to notice my bow; "your servant, sir; I suppose we owe the pleasure of this acquaintance just now to the circumstances of the weather's clearing."

"This sounded hostile from the go off; and I was determined to give as good as I received."

"Quite likely, sir," was my answer, uttered as coolly as I could speak; "I do not think you got much the advantage, as long as there was thick weather."

"Ay, you're a famous fellow at hide and go seek, and I do not doubt would make a long chase in a dark night. But his Majesty's ship Speedy is not to be 'do' by a Yankee."

"So it would seem, sir, by your present success."

"Man seldom run away without there is a cause for it. It's my business to find out the reason why you have attempted it; so, sir, I will thank you for the name of your ship, to begin with."

"The Dawn, of New York,"

"Ay, full-blooded Yankee. I knew you were a New England by your trials."

"New York is not in New England; nor do we call a New York ship a Yankee," put in Marble.

"Ay, ay, if one were to believe all you mates from the 'other side say, he would soon fancy that King George held his throne by virtue of a commission from President Washington."

"President Washington is dead, heaven bless him!" retorted Marble, "and if one were to believe half of what you English say, he would soon fancy that President Jefferson held his office as one of King George's waiting-men."

"I made a sign for Marble to be silent, and intimated to the lieutenant I wished to answer any further inquiries he wished to make. Sennit did not proceed however, without giving a significant look at the mate, which to me seemed to say, 'I have pressed a mate in my time.'"

part of the world, as this last war has sent the French into that part of Germany, and Hamburg is suspected of being rather too much under Boney's influence."

"And were we bound to Bordeaux, sir, what power have you to stop a neutral at this distance at sea?"

"If you put it on power, Mr. Wallingford, you depend on a crutch that will betray you. We have power enough to eat you, should that be necessary. I suppose you mean right."

"I shall not dispute with you, sir, about words."

"Well, to prove to you that I am as amicably disposed as yourself, I will say no more on the subject. With your permission, I will now examine your papers; and to show you that I feel myself among friends, I will first send my own boat back to the Speedy."

I was infinitely disgusted with this man's manner. He had that vulgar sort of criticism about even his teeth, the so much affected in his speech—the whole being deformed by a species of self-magnification, that rendered him as offensive as he seemed to me to be dangerous. I could not refuse to let a belligerent look at my papers, however, and went below to get them, while Sennit gave so many private orders to his reefers, and sent him away to his frigate.

While on this subject, the reader must excuse an old man's propensity to gossip, if I say a word on the general question of the right of search. As for the presence that was set up by some of the advocates of impressment out of neutral ships, which laid it down that the belligerent being on board in the exercise of an undoubted right to inquire into the character of the ship and cargo, he took with him the right to lay hands on all the subjects of his own sovereign he might happen to find there, it is not worthy of a serious reply. Because a man has a right to take the preliminary step to the discharge of an admitted power, as an incident of that power, it does not follow that he can make the incident a principle, and convert it into a justification of acts unlawful in themselves. On this head, therefore, I shall say nothing holding it to be beyond dispute among those who are competent to speak on the subject at all. But the abuse of that admitted power to board and ascertain the character of a ship, has created so lively a feeling in us Americans, as to induce us to forego some of the wholesome principles that are necessary to the well-being of all civilized nations. In my judgment, that we have quite recently and erroneously laid down the doctrine that foreign vessels-of-war shall not board American ships on the coast of Africa, in a time of peace, in order to ascertain their character.

On this subject I intend to speak plainly. In the first place, I try to claim that that spurious patriotism which says, "Our country, right or wrong." This may do for the rabble, but it will not do for God, to whom our first and highest obligations are due. Neither country nor man can justify that which is wrong, and I conceive it to be wrong, in a political if not in a moral sense, to national pride to be abused in its exercise, and the argument, if good for anything, is as good against this. Abuse, after it has occurred, might be a justifiable reason for suspending the exercise of an admitted right, until some remedies were applied to prevent their recurrence, but it can never be a reason for a proper argument against the right itself. If abuses occur, we can get them remedied by proper representations, and if these last fail, we have the usual appeal of nations. As well might it be said, the law of the land shall not be administered, because the sheriff's officers are guilty of abuses, as to say the law of nations shall cease to be administered, because the commercial rivalries may induce others to transcend them. When the wrong is done it will be time enough to seek the remedy.

That it is the right of a vessel-of-war to ascertain the character of a ship at sea, is dependent on her right to arrest her on the high seas. In what manner can this be done, if a private citizen obtain impunity by simply hoisting the flag of some other country, which the cruiser is obliged to respect? All that the latter asks is the power to ascertain if that flag is not an imposition; and this much every regularly-commissioned public ship should be permitted to do, in the interests of civilization, and in maintenance of the police of the seas.

The argument on the other side goes the length of saying, that a public cruiser is in the situation of a sheriff's officer on shore, who is compelled to arrest his prisoner on his own responsibility, in the first place, it may be questioned if the dogmas of the common law, which asserts the privilege of the citizen to conceal his name, is worthy of a truly enlightened political freedom. It must not be forgotten that liberty first took the aspect of franchises, in which man sought protection from the abuses of power in any manner they could, and often without regard to the justice of the general principles with which they were connected; confusion in these principles arising as a consequence. But admitting the dogma of the common law to be as inherently wise as it is confessedly a practice, there is no parallel in the necessity of ready arrest on shore and at sea. But the common law, while it gives the subject this protection, does not deny the right of the officer to arrest. It only punished the abuse of this power, and that is precisely what nations ought to do, in a case of the abuse of the right to exercise a merchantman.

The vessel-of-war cannot apply to witnesses, and cannot judge of national character by mere external appearance, since an American-built ship can be sailed by Portuguese. The actual necessities of the case are in favor of the present English claim, as well as that great governing principle, which says that no great principal right can exist, in international law, without carrying with it all the subordinate privileges which are necessary to its discreet exercise.

This much I could not refrain from saying, not that I think John Bull is very often right in his controversies with ourselves, but because I think, in this case, he is; and because I believe it far safer, in the long run, for a nation, or an individual, to have justice on his side, than always to carry his point.

I was soon on deck, carrying my writing desk under my arm. Mr. Sennit preferring to make his examination in the open air, to making it below. He read the clearance and manifest with great attention. Afterwards he asked for the shipping articles. I could see that he examined the names of the crew with eagerness, for the man was in his element when adding a new hand to his frigate's crew.

"Let me see this Nebuchadnezzar Clawbonny, Mr. Wallingford," he said, chuckling. "The name has an allusion to its very absurdity, and I doubt not I shall see a countryman perhaps a townsman."

"By turning your head, sir, you can easily see the man. He is at the wheel."

"A black!—umph—yes; those fellows do sometimes sail under droll titles. I do not think the lad was born at Gosport."

"He was born in my father's house, sir, and is my slave."

"Slave! A pretty word in the mouth of a free and independent son of liberty, Mr. Wallingford. It is lucky you are not bound to that land of despotism, old England, or you might see the fetters fall from about the chap's limbs."

I was nettled, for I felt there was some justice in this sarcasm, and this, too, at the very moment I felt it was only half merited; and not at all, perhaps, from an Englishman. But Sennit knew so much of the history of my country as he did of his own, having obtained all he had learned of either out of papers. Nevertheless, I succeeded in keeping silent.

"Nathan Hitecock; this chap has a suspicious Yankee name; will you let me see him, sir," observed the lieutenant.

"The chap's name is not more than justice, for I believe he is strictly what we call a Yankee."

Nathan came aft at the call of the second mate, and Sennit no sooner saw him than he told him to go forward again. It was easy to see that the man was perfectly able to distinguish, by means of the eye alone, between the people of the two countries, though the eye would sometimes deceive even the most practiced judges. As the Speedy was not much in want of men, he was disposed not to lay his hands on any but his own countrymen.

"I shall have to ask you, sir, to muster all your people on the gangway," said Sennit, raising as he passed me the ship's papers. "I am only a supernumerary of the Speedy, and I expect we shall soon have the pleasure of seeing her first on board, the honorable Mr. Powlett. We are a nob ship, having Lord Harry Dermont for our captain, and lots of younger sons in the cockpit."

I cared little for the compliment offered the Speedy, but I felt all the degradation of submitting to have my crew mustered by a foreign officer, and this, too, with the avowed object of carrying away such portions of them as he might see fit to decide were British subjects. In my judgment it would have been more consistent, and more wise for the young Hercules to have made an effort to use his club, in resisting such an offensive and unjustifiable assumption of power, than to be setting up doubtful claims to establish principles of public law that will render the exercise of some of the most useful of all international rights perfectly nugatory. I felt it a disposition to refuse compliance with Sennit's request, and did the result only affect myself I think I should have done so; but, conscious that my men would be the sufferers, I thought it more prudent to comply. Accordingly, all the Dawn's people were ordered to muster near the quarter-deck.

While I endeavor to do justice to principles, I wish to do no injustice to Sennit. To own the truth; this man picked out the Englishman and Irishman as soon as each had answered his first questions. They were ordered to get their things ready to go on board the Speedy, and in any way they might be paid. Marble was standing near when this command was given; and seeing disgust, most likely, in my countenance, he took on himself the office of replying.

"You think accounts should be balanced, then, before these men quit the ship," he asked, significantly. "I do, sir; and it's my duty to see it done. I will thank you to attend to it at once," returned the lieutenant.

"Well, sir, that being the case, we shall be receivers instead of payers. By looking at the shipping articles, you will see that each of these men received \$50, or two months' advance; (seamen's wages were as high, frequently, in that day, as \$20 or \$30); and quite half of the 'dead-horse' remains to be worked out. We will, therefore, thank his Majesty to pay us the odd \$25 for each of the men."

"What countrymen are you?" demanded the lieutenant, with a menacing look. "Cornish, by your impudence; have care, sir; I have carried off mates, before now, in my day."

"I came from the land of tombstones, which is an advantage; as I know the road we all must travel, sooner or later. My name is Marble, at your service; and there's a hard natur' under it, as you'll find in his veins, and the abet-bodded and best seaman in the boat came round her stern, carrying the honorable Mr. Powlett, or the gentleman whom Sennit had announced as her first lieutenant. I thought the rising anger of the last was a little subdued by the appearance of his senior officer's position, and private rank making even a greater difference between the two than mere date of commission. Sennit suppressed his wrath, therefore; though I make no doubt the resentment he felt at the contumelious

manner of my mate, had no little influence on what subsequently occurred. As things were, he waited, before he proceeded any further, for the Speedy's boat to come alongside."

Mr. Powlett turned out to be a very different sort of person from his brother lieutenant. There was no mistaking him for anything but a gentleman, or for a sailor. Beyond a question, he owed his rank in his ship to family influence, and he was one of those scions of aristocracy (by no means the rule, however, among the high-born of England) who never was fit for anything but a carpet-knight, though trained to be a sea. As I afterwards learned, his father held high ministerial rank; a circumstance that accounted for his being the first lieutenant of a six-and-thirty, at twenty, with a supernumerary lieutenant under him who had been a sailor some years before he was born. But the captain of the Speedy, himself, Lord Harry Dermont, was only four-and-twenty; though he had commanded his ship two years, and fought one very creditable action in her.

After making my best bow to Mr. Powlett, and receiving a very gentlemanly salute in return, Sennit led his brother officer aside, and they had a private conference of some little length together.

"I shall not meddle with the crew, Sennit," I overheard Powlett say, in a sort of complaining tone, as he walked away from his companion. "Really, I cannot become the master of a ship, formally sold to take charge of the ship. I could see a smite of contempt on Sennit's face, at this little ceremony, though he made no objection in terms. I had expected that the first lieutenant would go to the frigate with me, but, after a short consultation with his junior, the last was deputed to do me this honor."

Sennit now appeared disposed to show me every slight and indignity it was in his power to manifest. Like all vulgar-minded men, he could not refrain from mistreating those whom he desired to injure. He made me precede him into the boat, and went up the Speedy's side first, himself, on reaching that vessel. His captain's conduct was very different. Lord Harry was not a very noble looking personage, as your worshippers of rank imagine nobility to appear, but he was decidedly well-mannered; and it was easy enough to see he commanded his own ship, and was admitted to do so. I have had occasion to learn that there is a vast deal of aristocratic and democratic cant on the subject of the appearance, abilities, qualities, and conduct of Europeans of birth and station. In the first place, nature has made them very much as she makes other people; and the only practical difference there is proceeds from habit and education. Then, as to the envying effects of aristocracy, and noble effeminacy, I have seen ten times as much of it among your counter-jumpers and dealers in bobbinet, as I have seen in the sons of dukes and princes; and in my later years, my circumstances have brought me much in contact with many of these last. Maugliness of character is far more likely to be the concomitant of aristocratic birth than of Democratic I am afraid, for while those who enjoy the first, feel themselves above popular opinion, those who possess the last bow to it, as the aristocrat bows to his master, I wish I could think otherwise, but experience has convinced me of these facts, and I have learned to feel the truth of an axiom that is getting to be somewhat familiar among ourselves, namely, "that it takes an aristocrat to make a true democrat." Certain I am, that all the real, manly, independent democrats I have ever known in America, have been accused of aristocracy, and this simply because they were disposed to carry out their principles and not to let that imperious sovereign, "the neighborhood," play the tyrant over them. As for personal merit, quite as fair a proportion of talent is found among the common people as among the nobles, and he is but an ad captivum vulgaris sort of philosopher who holds the contrary doctrine. Talleyrand was one of the most ancient and illustrious houses of Europe, as was Turenne; while Mansfield, Erskine, Grey, Wellington, and a host of Englishmen of mark, of our time, come of noble blood. No, the common people are not inferior, has much higher and much juster distinctions to boast of, than this imaginary superiority of the humbly-born over those who come of ancient stock.

Lord Harry Dermont received me just as one of his station ought to receive one of mine, politely, without in the least condescending to my own dignity. There was a good-natured smile on his face, of which, at first, I did not know what to make. He had a private conversation with Sennit, too, but the smile underwent no change. In the end I came to the conclusion that it was habitual with him, and meant nothing. But, though so much disposed to smile, Lord Harry Dermont was equally disposed to listen to every suggestion of Sennit that was likely to favor the main chance. Prize money is certainly a great stain on the chivalry of all navies, but it is a stain with which the noble wishes to be as deeply dyed as the plebeian. Human nature is singularly homogeneous on the subject of money; and younger sons, in the lands of *majors*, and entails, enjoys a liveliness of longing on the subject that is quite as conspicuous as the rapacity of the veriest plebeian who ever picked a pocket.

I am very sorry, Captain Wallingford, Captain Lord Harry Dermont observed to me, when his private conversation with Sennit was ended, and before the superior to the weakness of Powlett, who would have discussed the point, "that it is my duty to send your ship into Plymouth. The French have got such a succession of late continent that we are obliged to use every sort of vigilance to counteract them. Then, your cargo is of enemy's growth."

"As for the ascendancy, my lord, you will see we Americans have nothing to do with it, and my cargo, being necessarily of last year's crops, must have been grown and manufactured in a time of general peace. If it were not, I do not conceive it would legalize my capture."

"We must leave Sir William Scott to decide that, my good sir," answered the captain, with his customary smile;

"and there is no use in our discussing the matter. An unpleasant duty"—as if he thought the chance of putting two or three thousand pounds in his pocket unpleasant!—"an unpleasant duty, however, need not be performed in disagreeable manner. If you will point out what portion of your people you could wish to keep in your ship, it shall be attended to. Of course, you remain by your property yourself; and I confess, whatever may be done with the cargo, I think the ship will be liberated. As the day is advancing, and it will require some little time to exchange the people, I should be exceedingly happy if you would do me the favor to lunch in my cabin."

This was gentlemanly conduct, if it were not lawful. I could foresee a plenty of evil consequences to myself in the delay, though I own I had no great apprehensions of a condemnation. There was my note to John Wallingford to meet, and two months' detention might keep me so long from home, as to put the payment at maturity quite out of the question. Then came the mortgage of Clawbonny, with its disquieting pictures; and I was in anything but a good humor to enjoy Lord Henry Dermont's hospitality. Still, I knew the uselessness of remonstrances, and the want of dignity there would be in repining, and succeeded in putting a good face on the matter. I simply requested that my chief mate, the cook and Neb, might be left in the Dawn, submitting it to the discretion of my captors to take out of her as many of the remainder of her people as they saw fit. Lord Harry remarked it was not usual to leave a mate, but to oblige me, he would comply. The frigate would go in for water in the course of a fortnight, when I might depend on having the entire crew, his Majesty's subjects excepted, restored to my command.

TO BE CONTINUED

JAMES IGNATIUS

By Rev. Richard W. Alexander

"Well, James Ignatius, how do you feel this morning?" said the cheery voice of Dr. Storm, as he stopped at a little white bed in the children's ward of a certain hospital.

"Fine, doctor. I am ready for a prize fight," said a sweet little boy voice, and a pale, spiritual boy face from its white pillow smiled a weak little greeting.

Gruff Dr. Storm always stopped at James Ignatius' bed. He had been surgeon at the hospital for a number of years, and for four of these years he had passed the bed of little James Ignatius daily, and always paused at a greeting. The nurse said (and so did the staff) that James Ignatius was the only one who had the inside track of the doctor's heart. If they dared, his medical brethren would have teased the iron man about his favorite, but no one could do with impunity be merry with Dr. Storm. He was like a bronze statue, interested in none of the amenities of life, but he was an authority in his profession. To see him in his surgeon's white gown, handling a scalpel, touching the human body with the sure, delicate touch of certain knowledge, laying his slender, steel-like fingers on tissue and muscle, vein and bone with the artistry of a master was a sight his fellow-surgeons hung upon with the delight of enthusiasts.

James Ignatius had been long in his hands, a bright little lad of nine years, full of grit and endurance, who smiled when his blood was flowing and who looked on Dr. Storm as an archangel in human form, because, though he had not been able to twist his crooked spine into shape for walking, he had given him the use of his hands and had dilled the pain from which he had never known a minute's freedom since he remembered anything at all in his thirteen years of life.

Dr. Storm despised pet names. At the beginning of his little patient's illness the nurses called him "poor little Jimmy." Then came the first operation, when the lad was obliged to feel the knife without an anesthetic, and the doctor, even with a woman's gentleness, had to hurt him sorely. The lad, with great drops of sweat standing out on his little pale face, smiled bravely and cried out in a boy's language: "Bully for you, doctor; you know how to hurt a fellow!" No wonder a ghost of a smile circled the set faces surrounding the operating table. Even in Dr. Storm's eye appeared a shadow of a twinkle. After that the doctor always called him James.

The little fellow liked it, and when the good Bishop came to the ward one day, wearing his golden mitre and carrying his crozier, and confirmed a number of patients, James asked to have "Ignatius" added to his name.

"You see," explained the little fellow, "he was a soldier, and he had to lie in bed with a bad leg for weeks, and he never growled, and he was as brave as a lion like him." And so, after his confirmation day, he would answer to no name but James Ignatius.

There was an innate purity and refinement of soul in this little crippled lad that shone on his remarkable face. Every one who looked at him once looked again. He had delicate but masculine features. His broad forehead was crowned by wavy chestnut hair—cut short, but not too short to show its inclination to crinkle into curls. His eyes were large and gray—sometimes they looked black; nose and chin were strongly chiseled, but the mouth was sweetness itself. No one could see James Ignatius smile without realizing that it was contagious.

He lay in bed quietly, except when his nurse picked him up and placed him in a large reclining chair and wheeled him to the window where he could see the hills and the country in the distance. He had a keen appreciation of the beautiful, and with the precocity so often met with in afflicted children he had a maturity of mind beyond his years.

Changing Weather

You know how hard it is to keep your hands and face nice and smooth during the winter when the weather changes so suddenly and often. CAMPANA'S ITALIAN BALM keeps your skin soft and nice in all kinds of weather. You can get a bottle at your druggist's for 25c, or E. G. West & Co., Wholesale Druggists, 80 George St., Toronto.

Reading was his favorite occupation—reading far in advance of his age, Scott, Shakespeare, the New Testament, a Kempis. It was amazing to see these volumes on his transparent fingers and to hear James Ignatius talk about his favorite chapters. Often Dr. Storm and he would have a passage-at-arms on the reading of the day, and the doctor was stirred to wonder at the boy's cleverness and mental development. To James Ignatius this strong faced doctor, with his six feet of height, his firm hands, his gruff voice, was an object of adoration. The great gray eyes kindled with an unmistakable love light whenever the doctor approached him.

The day Dr. Storm did not speak when he passed James Ignatius' bed was a day of languor and drooping to the little lad, and by degrees the doctor came to know it and to fall under its spell. James Ignatius found there was a gentler time for him, a thrill in the firm hand clasp, even a smile on the cast-iron face, which even a smile on the love and hero worship of his boy heart.

At last, as he grew slowly worse, and the doctor sat by his side, finger on his pulse, the boy broke through the crust of the repressed heart of the man and confidences flowed from one to the other. The old, old story of human love—not sex love, but that great, calm, beautiful, peerless love called friendship.

James Ignatius told the doctor how hard it had been for him to see other boys leaping and romping over the hills at outdoor sports, and asked him why God decreed it so. And Dr. Storm, falling back on his long-forgotten Catholic instruction in years gone by told him that Providence was always right, no matter what it seemed like, easy or hard. And James Ignatius asked the doctor if that was his religion. For once in his life Dr. Storm lost the incisive, crisp speech that was so characteristic of him, his faltering was not unnoticed by James Ignatius.

"Doctor," he said, "do you think God troubles Himself much about a poor little boy like me? Nobody cares for me but Him, and yet—"

The tone went to the man's heart and stirred the roots of a strong nature. "Don't you think I care for you, James Ignatius? Am I not your friend?"

The blood rushed wildly to the boy's pale face. Great tears stood in the large eyes. He took one strong hand of the doctor's between both of his little ones and impulsively kissed it.

Silence fell between them, a silence that was eloquent to both, for each understood. The old, old story of the fertile brain's vast learning and his starved heart, and the frail, precocious boy, lonely, suffering, loving, glorified in this seemingly unequal, strange, yet entirely comprehended friendship.

O Friendship! how sweet thou art! Let the hand but once, in its long years of throbbing, find thee in thy beauty and thy strength, be it in man or woman or child, is it not a glimpse of old Eden? What is the mad ecstasy of love in its brief passion, to the white blossom of a friend's devotion, to the tenderness of a friend's hand clasp, to the sweetness of a friend's heart-spoken words? Blessed is he who has found a friend—made of steel arc not strong enough to clasp him to one's self or hold him to one's heart forever! And Dr. Storm, with that closed and barred heart that had never unlocked to man or woman, found himself melting before the worshipful love of a little child. James Ignatius told him how great and good he seemed to him, what power he had to heal and how close he must be to the great God Who created all things, when he could handle the flesh and blood of his fellows and make those who are named whole again.

"But, James Ignatius, I haven't made you whole yet, and I fear I never can," said Dr. Storm.

"I don't count, doctor," said James Ignatius. "I never was straight or whole, like other boys, and I would have to be made over again. I am of no account."

"Yes, you are," stammered the doctor. "You have more grit and more patience than half the people in this hospital. I often say to some of them when they whimper: 'You ought to see James Ignatius suffer.'"

The boy's transparent skin was suffused with a delicate flush at the doctor's

Crippled With Sore Back

Kidneys Were Badly Diseased and She Didn't Know It

Was Completely Cured by Less Than Three Boxes of DR. CHASE'S KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS

Women are very often deceived and mistaken in regard to kidney disease. The pain in the back are attributed to other derangements, and kidney disease is allowed to run on and on until beyond the reach of medical science. There is needless suffering, and life itself is risked, because backache is not recognized as one of the most marked symptoms of kidney disease. There is no treatment which so quickly relieves and cures kidney pains in the back as Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. As proof of this read Mrs. Patterson's letter:—

Mrs. Richard Patterson, Haldimand, Gaspe, Co., Quebec, writes: "I will gladly give the country in the distance. He had a keen appreciation of the beautiful, and with the precocity so often met with in afflicted children he had a maturity of mind beyond his years."

praise. Such words rarely fell from his lips. "I don't see any use of complaining," said he. "You helped me a heap, doctor, and when I suffer I say: 'Lord, I'll suffer all you send me if you keep suffering away from my good doctor.'"

"Do you really say that, boy?" "Every day, doctor, but the Lord I'm willing to bear any pain and ache that comes if He doesn't send any to you."

And then Dr. Storm looked back at his perfect and robust health these six years past and wondered if James Ignatius' prayers had anything to do with it. He was silent so long that the boy feared he was offended, and so expressed himself.

"Offended! Good heavens, boy, how could I be? I was thinking that you had perhaps been saying my prayers before the Lord all these years, for I never had a minute's pain and have never had time to pray for myself."

"On doctor, do you never pray?" "Not much, my son."

"And how do you expect God to take care of you?" "The question was inclusive, and the doctor finished before the clear gray eyes of the boy. His religion was his profession, and it was true that his knees trembled in prayer. He felt reproved, and wished the boy would speak of other things."

James Ignatius slipped his thin little hand into the firm, strong one of the doctor and said:

"I'll ask God to let all your kind deeds to people be your prayers, and then I'll pray more and more that your life may be good and happy. But, doctor, you must speak to Him yourself sometimes. He will always hear you."

The doctor would rise hastily after such talks and say his time was up, but he always smiled his rare smile into the eyes of the boy, like a flash of light from behind a storm cloud when James Ignatius would lie still and think. Could it be possible that his idolized doctor never prayed to our Lord and to His sweet, spotless mother whom he loved so much? Impossible! And then he would slip his hands under the covers and with closed eyes say his rosary for Dr. Storm, the nurse would tip-toe past and think he slept.

Dr. Storm's heart became like wax in the hands of little James Ignatius. He did not know how it came to pass, but he found himself telling him of his early life, of his struggles, of his bitter experiences, of the death of all he loved, and of his gradual crystallization and absorption of his soul by his profession. To all of which James Ignatius listened gravely, and never by a wrong word jarred on his mood. And in the few minutes' talk of every day by that little hand he found the simple old faith of his childhood and the beliefs of his youth. James Ignatius brought him back to God, and the great surgeon found his way once more to prayer in the guileless, yet stern, language of the dying lad.

Yes, the crippled boy was dying. All the resources of science proved vain and useless, and Dr. Storm confessed himself vanquished as he looked on the thin little face and saw the light of the blessed vision in the eyes of the little martyr.

It was Holy Week, and in the days that succeeded Palm Sunday, James Ignatius was worse. The nurse said that Dr. Storm was sterner than usual, more unsmiling, as such men when their hearts are stirred. His short visits to the little fellow's bed became more frequent, and on Holy Thursday morning he left word that a wineglass of milk and stimulant should be given to James Ignatius every three hours. The child had no inclination to talk to any one except Dr. Storm, but a faint little smile always appeared when his nurse did a kind act for him. Another little lad who was in the same ward with him often sat by his bed, and thus relieved the nurse when duty called her elsewhere.

James Ignatius always shared his dainties with this little chum, Dickie, who was not blessed with much strength, and who greedily accepted all the good things that came his way. James Ignatius had given to him everything eatable that kind friends had sent him in Holy Week, and Dickie had quietly carried everything away to a certain hiding place where he secretly devoured them at leisure. Oranges, bon-bons, fruits of all kinds disappeared, and the nurse flattered herself that her charge would never perish of starvation. James Ignatius never uttered a word as he saw his gifts appropriated, and it goes without saying, neither did Dickie. Besides, the good priest who attended him and gave him the last sacraments had laid particular stress on the Holy Week through which they were passing, and on Holy Thursday, after he had given him the blessed Viaticum, spoke touchingly of the dear Lord's sufferings on Good Friday—His fasting and toments and His agony and death on the cross for sinners, for those who would not pray or try to benefit by His death. The words clung to the memory of James Ignatius. Suppose he would fast all Good Friday and unite with the suffering Saviour, and by the dying God to bless Dr. Storm for all his goodness to a poor little boy that was crippled and of no account to any one! His generous soul sprang to the thought. He did not realize his weakness; he did not know it would hasten his death. The spirit of an apostle burned in him and the single thought of the doctor's soul dominated his whole being. Hence, when the wineglass of stimulant was offered to him every three hours he would simply say: "Put 'em down, nurse. I'll wait a minute." And when her back was turned he beckoned to Dickie, who swallowed it with one gulp. Weaker and weaker he grew, but he was not fasting like the dear Lord to save a soul? Dr. Storm came in several times that Good Friday, his heart torn at the pinched look of the sweet little boy face. He could not understand the increasing weakness of James Ignatius in spite of the constant stimulation. He questioned the nurse, he saw the empty wineglass, and he never dreamed of questioning the vacant-faced Dickie, who sat at the foot of the bed in apparent patience and devotion. Good Friday was passing. James Ignatius had tasted nothing all day. Nature could hold out no longer, and at 1

o'clock it was apparent the little fellow was in his agony. The priest came to his bedside and found Dr. Storm seated there with his fingers on his pulse. He watched the life ebbing from the one creature who had found a way to his hungry heart. The big gray eyes of the dying boy, fixed on his friend's face, still held the love that had animated his little heart when he offered his fasting and pain for the doctor, but his lips could not frame a word.

As the clock struck 3, the dreaded change came. The doctor did not move but between the spasms he saw the lips of James Ignatius move, and stooping low, he caught the words, disjointed and trembling: "Dear—doctor—I—faster—for your soul—like Jesus—did on Good—Friday." With an expression of ineffable sweetness the tortured body gave up its white soul, and paradise opened to poor crippled James Ignatius!

The doctor rose with a face as white as marble. He pressed the eyelids shut, laid the thin little hands on James Ignatius' breast and turned away. With an intuition that was almost like a revelation he saw the whole tragedy. James Ignatius had started to death for his salvation! He turned to Dickie, who was walling aloud. One glance showed the culprit.

"Did you take his medicine?" "It was only milk and stuff," waited Dickie. "And he gave it to me every time."

"Well, you killed him, that's all!" said Doctor Storm in a voice of thunder, and he strode out of the ward.

He looked himself in his room, and on his knees, the strong man wept as few men weep, and registered a vow that the sacrifice of James Ignatius should have its recompense. The beauty and grandeur of the little cripple's soul, the wonder of his love, the greatness of his God Friday offering again and again overwhelmed him. He prayed with all his being, and he prayed he felt the gentle spirit of the boy hovering near, bringing him strength and purpose. Doctor Storm arose a new man, a fervent Catholic Christian forever.

James Ignatius was buried with solemn High Mass. The mourners were but two—poor, simple Dickie and Doctor Storm.

THE DANGERS OF BAD READING

In a recent sermon in St. Ignatius Church, Galway, the Rev. Father Masterson, S. J., after having indicated the chief help to the soul as prayer, frequentation of the Sacraments, devotion to the Blessed Virgin—spoke at some length of that important, though negative help, which consists in the avoidance of reading evil literature. He said:

"This is a matter in which even some Catholics are sensitive, and chafe under the restrictive legislation passed by the Church. They will tell you they cannot understand how the Church can have anything to say in the matter. They had thought that the function of the Church was to define and disseminate revealed truth; and that she seems to be going beyond the limits of her competence when she implicates herself in our literary pursuits, and would set boundaries to our literary outlook; really, in matters literary, we ought to be perfectly free to follow the objects of our free choice. People who talk in this way show that they do not understand the nature of literature, means; as they most unquestionably contract unduly the ambit of the Church's teaching authority. As I shall show you by and by, the Church has the right to pronounce on both science and literature. Every well-informed Catholic will concede this right; and every reflecting Catholic will see that the nature of the subject which the Church will be more often called on to exercise that right within the domain of science. The subject matter of science is objective truth, truth as it exists in itself, as it exists independently of us, and of what we may think of it. The man of science confines himself to his own subject matter; it deduces his conclusions logically from his first principles; on the one hand, he need not be afraid of ecclesiastical interference; on the other hand, the Church will have nothing to fear from his scientific speculations. Heresy and vice are not propagated through the medium of the multiplication table, nor of Euclid's geometry; nor would the most hardened libertine find it easy to express them in the terms of an algebraical notation. In literature, it is very different. The subject matter of literature is not objective truth; not truth as it exists in itself; but, at best, truth as it is perceived by the writer; as it is passed through the alchemy of his mind; as modified or colored by his prejudices, social, political or religious. In other words, the subject matter of literature is, not things, but thoughts. So close is the connection between the writer's thoughts and the literature which he produces that thinking out in words. I insist on it, then, what the man of letters gives us are his thoughts; his thoughts on life and on the various aspects of life; on home life and on marriage, education, politics, religion, and every subject under the sun. To say, therefore, that we ought to be free to read what literature we please is to say that we ought to be free to adopt as our own all the filthy fancies, so insistently dinned into our ears, and offered for our acceptance by the literary writers of our time. 'Not so,' objects our discriminating reader. 'To read a man's works is one thing; to adopt his views, quite another. Quite another in theory, but the two things in theory so distinct are, in the run of cases, synonymous in practice. A given author swinging freely, under certain given conditions, will cause other pendulums, that were at rest, to swing in unison with itself. A sounding board will cause other resonant bodies to take up its own vibrations. The man of genius molds language to his purposes. He is ever happy in his choice, and exquisite in the arrangement of his words; and, as the swinging pendulum will cause other pendulums to swing, so will the writer of genius compel us to fall into step with the rhythmic swinging march of his sentences. As the sound-

ing board causes other bodies to repeat its own vibrations, similarly will the eloquent writer assuage our minds to his own pitch. And assuage and eloquence are merely natural gifts, they may be found in the libertine as well as in the saint; nay, as natural gifts are his little all, they are likely to be much more sedulously cultivated by the latter than by the former than by the latter. If the indiscriminate reader please free will for himself and denies it to the pendulum or the resonant body, I throw into the opposite scale another thing, in which the indiscriminate reader is indeed rich, but which pendulums and sounding boards have not at all their evil inclinations, and his purblind curiosity to know things the knowledge of which is death. Besides, what right has he of all men to boast of the power to resist, with which his free will furnishes him? Did he not more than half surrender that power to the enemy of his soul, when without any justifying cause, he grasped to his heart as his teachers in morality writers who wallow in the filth of sensualism? To determine the rights of the Church in this matter, we must keep steadily in view the end for which the Church was instituted. The Church has for its end the salvation of the souls of men. The Pope, as the successor of blessed Peter, is charged with the duty of feeding the flock of Christ. Personally, he may be more learned or less so; highly born, or of humble extraction; but whatever his personal gifts may be, he is equally burdened with the commission given by Christ to blessed Peter: 'Feed My lambs; feed My sheep.' Every society, and every lawfully appointed superior, have a right to the means necessary or useful to the end for which they exist. 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For that it would not suffice, that he should be able to say that this or that abstract proposition or statement is of immoral tendency. If a man knew that I was going to get my chin in my foot, and if he were to content himself with proving to me that strychnine was a deadly poison, what would it profit me? I should say to him, 'Thank you for nothing,' or 'Tell me something I don't know.' To be of any service to me, he should tell me that I was in imminent danger of having that deadly poison given to me; with circumstances of time and place stated. Very often it would profit the simple faithful just as little for Pope or Church to assure them that such and such abstract statements were heretical or immoral. To be of effective service they must warn them of the books or publications in which heresy or immortality is contained. And when they so warn us, as the Pope often does warn us, we are bound not merely to an obsequious or respectful silence, but bound to republish with heart and mind whatever, in matters of faith and morals, the successor of blessed Peter reprobates and condemns. Let us be quite sure of it, that the right of the Pope and of the Church to pronounce an infallible decision extends to the condemning of evil publications. But antecedent to, and independent of, such a decision, we have a charter given us by nature to protect us from the poisonous influence of evil literature. The natural law, of which God is the author and conscience the herald, the law not written on pillars of stone, but on the tablets of the human heart, sternly forbids the production."—Denver Register.

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Subscribers changing residence will please give old as well as new address.

LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION

Apostolic Delegation, Ottawa, June 13th, 1905.

My Dear Sir—Since coming to Canada I have been a reader of your paper. I have noted with admiration and above all, that it is imbued with a strong Catholic spirit.

When subscribers ask for their mail at the post office it would be well were they to tell the clerk to give them their Catholic Record.

Subscribers changing residence will please give old as well as new address.

UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA

Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1909.

Dear Sir—For some time past I have read your estimable paper, the Catholic Record, and congratulate you upon the manner in which it is published.

Yours faithfully in Jesus Christ, D. FALCONE, Arch. of Larisa, Apos. Deleg.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 9, 1912

MR. BOURASSA AND PROVINCIAL RIGHTS

The agitation for Federal interference with provincial jurisdiction over all that concerns the solemnization of marriage may have very far-reaching results.

The United States were at first only a loose aggregation of sovereign states with the consequent right of any state to secede from the Union.

The Fathers of Confederation, profiting doubtless by the experience of the United States, made the Central Government of Canada much stronger, giving to the various provinces certain definite powers, but vesting the residuum of legislative jurisdiction in the Dominion Parliament.

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which whose jurisdiction might be attacked or weakened by the decision. This contention has since been recognized as just by the Federal Government, which, through the Minister of Justice, has invited all provincial governments to be represented by counsel if they so desire.

Misrepresentation with regard to mixed marriages makes this quotation from Mr. Bourassa's speech very opportune:

"In this question of mixed marriages, how many know that in the history of Quebec never has a single marriage between a Protestant and a Catholic, as performed by a Protestant minister, been declared invalid."

With regard to the possible effect the Ne Temere might have on mixed marriages Mr. Bourassa said:

"When the case was finally decided, if any doubt existed in the minds of anyone as to the validity of their marriage that it was the duty of the Legislature to find some remedy for it, as it was unfair to exact of anyone not a member of the Church to be submitted to the jurisdiction of another church and his opinion was that if finally there was any doubt on this question it would be the duty of the government of Quebec to confer with the Catholic Church authorities so as to remove the doubt, as had been done in other countries, for example Germany. But as to the marriage of two Catholics, neither John Dougal, Mr. Lancaster, or Bishop Farthing should put their nose into that affair. Those who were attacking so much the position of the Catholic Church and the sanctity of marriage as performed by that church should look to their own glass house and put a stop to the divorce scandal."

This pronouncement of the Nationalist leader, who is regarded as "ultra-montane" in his views, should convince fair-minded Protestants that though Quebec may not tolerate Protestant interference with Catholic marriages, the fullest liberty and the most ample security will be extended to Protestant and mixed marriages.

If Quebec Protestants have any grievance their appeal lies, at least in the first instance, with the Legislature of the Province. Not until such appeal for redress is rejected should the matter be brought into the arena of Federal politics.

JUDGE CHARBONNEAU'S DECISION

The decision of Judge Charbonneau reverses that of Judge Laurendeau and declares the Hebert-Cloutier marriage valid and binding in the eyes of the civil law.

The widest possible interest centred in this case and we have before us newspaper comments from Halifax to Vancouver. The tone of these comments is indicated by La Presse:

"The judgment has brought joy to the full into the camp of the adversaries of the Ne Temere decree. It is acclaimed as a Protestant victory over the Catholic Church. And as a matter of fact the Protestant ministers are the one people to benefit by gaining in this case the power to marry Catholics, and to make a breach among the followers of the Church of Rome. The guarantees which surround marriage are not increased, they may even be considerably diminished."

This, unfortunately, but too accurately describes the spirit which animates the widespread public interest in the case. The Manitoba Free Press says that Judge Charbonneau's decision, if upheld by the higher courts, "will make church annulments of marriages worthless in the eyes of the law."

As a matter of fact there is no such question at issue. The canonical impediments invalidating marriage are recognized by the civil code section 127, and it is their interpretation that section of the civil code, that impelled five Quebec judges to decide that two Catholics cannot be legally or civilly married before a Protestant minister. Judge Charbonneau and the two judges who reached a contrary decision, all agree with the other five judges as to the law they were called upon to interpret and apply in the marriage cases that came before them. This was in all cases the civil law of the Province of Quebec. The decrees of the Church have no civil effect except in so far as the civil power recognizes their value and incorporates them in the civil code.

In this respect Quebec does what all the other provinces do; the legislature uses its own judgment as to how far it will give civil effect to Christian laws. In all parts of Canada bigamy is a crime punishable in the civil courts. Why? What right has the state to decide how many wives a free born British subject may have? The state in Turkey does not thus restrict individual liberty. Still the state does prohibit bigamy and polygamy, thus "outraging" the conscience of Mormons and others. Again, with regard to Sunday observance, the state steps in and imposes the Christian idea, sometimes the Puritan idea, of the Sabbath on Jews, Seventh Day Adventists and others who do not share the idea of the Lord's Day Alliance.

What is the justification? Simply that the sentiment of the country is overwhelmingly in favor of Catholic marriage laws for Catholics, with entire liberty to non-Catholics, why may not the Legislature enact laws that

effect? It is not the encroachments of Rome, but the free exercise of her civil powers by the Province of Quebec, that our over-zealous Protestant friends are attacking.

Of course Judge Charbonneau's decision settles nothing; other learned judges hold the very opposite view of the bearing of the civil law of Quebec as it stands. And even if the highest court should finally decide that the latter are wrong and Judge Charbonneau is right there is still no reason why the Quebec Legislature, if it deem it advisable, should not make the provisions of the civil code perfectly clear and unequivocal.

In the meantime the matter is, undecided and we commend to clergymen like the Rev. E. I. Hart, of Montreal, who says he never hesitated to marry Roman Catholic couples, the following editorial comment of the Quebec Chronicle:

"So far, however, as it is a question of the Hebert case itself, we have always considered that every Protestant minister should make it a point of honor never to celebrate the marriage of two Catholics, even though it should be legal to do so. Where both parties belong to the same church, they should not go to the clergy of another faith to be married. To do so implies something radically wrong, and the Protestant minister who unites two Catholics is liable to be abusing the law and encouraging immorality."

In the Province of Quebec the competence of a Protestant minister to marry two Catholics is still undecided. What then can be thought of those ministers who, with doubtful jurisdiction, persist in intermeddling with Catholic marriages? Perhaps the marriage question at Niagara Falls and Windsor may suggest the answer.

FAVORS CELIBATE OF THE CLERGY

Rev. Byron H. Stauffer, of Toronto has some interesting things to say about the celibate, as compared with a married clergy. Commenting on the statements in a Globe editorial that "the tragedy of the Church is the unrecognized creeping paralysis of the pulpit," he said that a celibate clergy was preferable to a lifeless one.

"Bad as the idea of a celibate clergy may be," said Mr. Stauffer, "if fear of loss of position and consequent loss of adequate support of wife and children stands in the way of outspokenness on moral issues, it is better that the twentieth century preacher be untrammelled by temporal necessities and go out free from the power of money, to preach the gospel that this age assuredly needs."

"We are so dependent upon the influence of money, the age is so material, the cost of living is so high and the loss of income consequently so serious that an outspoken pulpit in the circles of society where outspokenness counts is well nigh an impossibility."

"Bad as the idea of a celibate clergy may be! To understand fully the meaning of this we must forget our own experience as Catholics with many, vile priests faithfully corresponding with the grace of state, and remember the Protestant conception of the celibate clergy. Still it is better than the dumb dogs whose god is their belly."

The tongues of these dumb dogs are loosed only when they join the yelping pack in pursuit of some Papist game. This requires no moral courage; indeed it takes considerable courage for the average minister to refuse to join the pack.

In the meantime, with newspapers and even clergymen fearlessly voicing the opinions long held by the Protestant multitude, who no longer sit under the lifeless pulpit, it behooves our friends to set their own house in order and let Popery alone.

NO HEAVEN HERE

Some of the wise philosophers who reject revelation labor to make a heaven upon earth. It is true, indeed, that inventions, a better knowledge of nature's laws and regard for hygiene, are responsible for a greater measure of well-being. But it is also true that, despite the conquests of genius, sorrow is the inseparable companion of man. Man has breathed into marble and canvas sublime thoughts and visions of beauty; he has freed himself from the bonds that once attached his soul to earth, but he has done nothing against the kingdom of sorrow. Every generation has seen the weep of men and women. Hygiene will not banish it. Nor will the efforts, however well-intentioned, of philanthropists make the dream of terrestrial happiness an assured fact. We can and we should endeavor to alleviate the wretchedness that is man-made. Some of the conditions under which the very poor live are a disgrace to our civilization. The tenements that are finding places for disease and sin: the foul rookeries which are a testimony to the rapacity of landlords and to the inertness of civic authorities, should be demolished. Now and then disease breaks out in these foul and loathsome hovels and forthwith there is clamor and sapient directions about the use of chloride of lime. And then we have dissertations on the housing problem. Speeches are made, and then there is a lull and forgetfulness until the next danger to health. We may say, by the way, that some individ-

uals, who are more impetuous than conversant with the housing problem, advocate the erection of a number of buildings in a certain quarter of the city for the very poor. They would make it a refuge for those who wish to escape the exactions of the tenement landlord. We fear, however, that these houses would be shunned by the very people for whom they are planned. An expert is a safer guide on this matter than a philanthropist who talks. He ought to be able to furnish a plan that would commend itself to the self-respect of the poor, and moreover, have it supported by legislative enactment. We can also make our fellow-wayfarer a neighbor by helping him. The man out of work, the urthins who run the streets, they who are stumbling along with their burdens—these are by our doors and are our brethren. We may be able to do but little, but anything is better than inaction and the following of the don't care policy of the pagan. A little thought, a little self-sacrifice will benefit us far more than the recipients of our brotherly love. Our brethren with tear-stained faces are round about us and we can minister unto them. We can shut our eyes, and shirking our duty, let Christ pass by unheeded. Work for our brethren is the best answer to the arguments of the socialists.

In the early ages of the Church sin was hated with a deep and abiding hatred, and was punished rigorously and at length. The records of these ages make us blush for our own. Our forbears in the faith were enthusiastic in their piety; they realized the objects of their faith and recognized the necessity of penance. They were warriors: we are oftentimes cowards. They understood what it meant to offend God: we are apt to forget that unless we do penance we shall perish.

There were four degrees of canonical penance. The first degree comprised those who were called the weepers. They remained outside the Church, begging for mercy, lamenting with tears their transgressions. Their trial lasted from one to five years according to their sins. The second degree of canonical penance embraced the hearers, who were allowed to listen to the instructions. For a period of from one to five years they were obliged to fast and to remain in the vestibule of the church. The third degree consisted of the penitents who were allowed to enter the church but were not adjudged worthy to assist at the Holy Sacrifice. The fourth degree took in those who were not permitted to receive the Body and Blood of Christ for a period of time prescribed by the Bishop. When their ordeal was over they confessed publicly and were absolved. The apostle fasted on bread and water for ten years. Drunkenness was punished with a rigorous fast. We might go on, but these facts will serve to show the spirit that animated the Church, and the docility of her children.

AN OBSTACLE

The great obstacle to the progress of the Church is not the machinations of hostile governments, not the anti-Christian propaganda of men who have quarreled with God, but the indifferent Catholic who places the world and self in the first and God in the second place. He is inclined to rail at authority. When a prelate makes some pronouncement he is one of the first to play the critic and to air his superior wisdom born of an un-Catholic heart. He seeks to pose as being independent and broad-minded because it helps him in business or enables his wife to enter the sacro-sacred land of society. Any legitimate exercise of authority is deplored as either unnecessary or calculated to provoke the animosity of the non-Catholic. He loves peace so much that he will swallow any insult against the Church with a surprising alacrity. This, however, he calls prudence, to the amazement of those who have any regard for manhood. He hides his principles, goes through life with bated breath, represses any guidance of priest or prelate and gets the contempt of Catholic and non-Catholic alike. He may be used for this or that purpose, but he is placed in the category of those who are spineless. The Protestant, however he may view the faithful and ardent Catholic, will respect him as a man unshamed of his beliefs and ready to defend them. The shuffling Catholic, with his pose of wisdom, his cheap criticism, his strivings to please others at any cost, his pitiful efforts to cloak his ignorance with the vesture of broad-mindedness, is a living affront to decent men.

HOW THEY DO IT

The Antigonish branch of the C. M. B. A. has given \$1,000 to St. Francis Xavier College in that town. Antigonish is certainly in the forefront so far as Catholic education is concerned. Its college represents a world of devotion, work and self-sacrifice, and is to-day one of our best assets. With professors trained in America and Europe, it is a factor in the educational world and will in the near future be acknowledged as one of the most efficient halls of learning on this continent.

LENT

The worldling scoffs at the very mention of the word penance. He prates about nature. He coddles his poor body, wraps it up in purple and fine linen, and lets no thought of an hereafter interfere with its ease and comfort. But the Church of God will allow no Catholic to entertain these notions. She preaches that penance is as essential to-day as it was when her discipline was more rigid. She bids us look into our hearts and discover what fruits the sacraments we have received have brought forth. What difference is there between us and those not of the fold? Where is the penance in our lives? St. Gregory says: "Our confessions are of no avail unless we assume the labor of penance; and furthermore, we cannot look upon anyone as being truly and sincerely converted unless he will struggle to wash out his sins by the proper painful austerities." "Thou has not left unpunished," says St. Augustine to the Lord, "the sins of those whom Thou hast pardoned. Thou pardonest him who confesses his sin; but Thou pardonest only according to the measure in which the sinner punishes himself. Thus mercy and justice are satisfied: mercy is satisfied because man is delivered out of his sin; justice is appeased because man's sin is punished."

In the early ages of the Church sin was hated with a deep and abiding hatred, and was punished rigorously and at length. The records of these ages make us blush for our own. Our forbears in the faith were enthusiastic in their piety; they realized the objects of their faith and recognized the necessity of penance. They were warriors: we are oftentimes cowards. They understood what it meant to offend God: we are apt to forget that unless we do penance we shall perish.

There were four degrees of canonical penance. The first degree comprised those who were called the weepers. They remained outside the Church, begging for mercy, lamenting with tears their transgressions. Their trial lasted from one to five years according to their sins. The second degree of canonical penance embraced the hearers, who were allowed to listen to the instructions. For a period of from one to five years they were obliged to fast and to remain in the vestibule of the church. The third degree consisted of the penitents who were allowed to enter the church but were not adjudged worthy to assist at the Holy Sacrifice. The fourth degree took in those who were not permitted to receive the Body and Blood of Christ for a period of time prescribed by the Bishop. When their ordeal was over they confessed publicly and were absolved. The apostle fasted on bread and water for ten years. Drunkenness was punished with a rigorous fast. We might go on, but these facts will serve to show the spirit that animated the Church, and the docility of her children.

WHY WAS BEATTIE NESBITT?

Massey Hall, where was held the Orange demonstration in Toronto to protest against the granting of Home Rule to Ireland, was, according to the Globe, comfortably filled. Three thousand is given as the number of those present, but as the hall accommodates five thousand there must have been a large measure of comfort. The speakers on the occasion were Mr. H. C. Hocken, Mr. J. S. Willison, editor of the News, Hon. Wallace Nesbitt, K. C., and Dr. A. W. Thornton. The chaplains of the meeting were Rev. Canon H. O. Dixon and Rev. Dr. W. H. Hincks. It is customary for clergymen who have small congregations to attend meetings of this character. The speakers were all in sympathy with and over-ready to glorify that portion of the population of Ireland confined to Ulster who throw rotten eggs, bags of flour, mud and other missiles at Lord Pirrie, hitting him several times on the face and bespattering Lady Pirrie and the policemen who were escorting them. Would they not likewise give three cheers and a tiger for the same people who offered gross insult to Mr. and Mrs. Winston Churchill when they recently visited Belfast. There was an air of stupidity, buttressed by dense bigotry, in the utterances of all the speakers. Mr. Willison, editor of the News, said that "what we demand is that the legislatures of Canada shall not again join in a conspiracy against Ulster and that the machines we have taken up to merge the scattered provinces of the Dominion of Canada into a single commonwealth shall not be used to separate Ireland from the empire and subject her to restrictions and perils to which we in Canada would never submit." As Ireland will in the future bear pretty much the same relation to England as the Province of Ontario does to Ottawa, we may take it that Mr. Willison trimmed his sails to evoke an Orange cheer. It was a typical Orange argument—common sense hibernating in the cold outside. But Mr. Wallace Nesbitt, K. C., gave us a serious joke on the occasion. It may not be looked upon as a joke in the Queen City but will be laughed at everywhere else in the Dominion. The King's Counsel recently met Sir Edward Carson, who had expressed surprise when "he (Mr. Nesbitt) had told him that the unanimous opinion in Canada was not in favor of Home Rule. He hoped Sir Edward would be in Toronto as his guest next September and the Toronto people would have an opportunity of hearing him then." The interpretation clause applied to this statement would read thus: "Come to Massey Hall, Toronto, and we will call a public meeting to discuss the Home Rule question. You will then see that the people of Canada are against Home Rule." Toronto is a great city and rapidly increasing in population. A pity it is that there are so many within its limits who are saying and doing things to bring it into disrepute elsewhere.

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THE WATSON MARRIAGE

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FIVE-MINUTE SERMON

THIRD SUNDAY IN LENT

THE SPIRITUAL COMBAT

It often happens my dear brethren, that the devil chooses for his worst attacks upon us the very time when we are trying to draw near to God, when we have performed some good work for His honor and glory, or immediately after our conversation. And so, for our encouragement under such circumstances, our Lord permitted the devil to tempt Him immediately after His forty days' fasting in the desert. The methods employed by the tempter are the same that he has used from the beginning, and that he still uses against the children of men; and as from our Lord's example we can meet and overcome the enemy of our souls.

As the devil began by appealing to our Lord's sense of hunger, so with us he appeals to our bodily appetites; for he knows that his strongest ally is our perverted passions, the flesh, that ever lusteth against the spirit. But mark the answer of our Lord: "Man doth not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth from the mouth of God." And so when the devil assails us with evil thoughts or desires, we can give a like answer: "It is not for such things as these that God created me; man was not created simply to eat and drink and gratify his passions. I am something better than a brute. I am made for something higher, and I am to do the will of God and thus attain to eternal union with Him."

Foiled in the attack, the enemy will perhaps have recourse to a subtler temptation—an appeal to our pride. Even as he asked our Lord to cast Himself down from the pinnacle of the temple, so he will say to us: "Be not afraid to cast yourself into the ocean of sin; you are strong in virtue, and God's holy angels will protect you from harm. That immoral book, that evil company, that intoxicating drink cannot hurt you, whatever its effects might be on those who are weak." "Fruit-a-lives" is the only remedy made of fruit juices. It is the only remedy made of fruit juices. It is the only remedy made of fruit juices.

Testimony of love for the Saviour who first taught the world by this means the necessity and worth of personal sacrifice. There are only two conditions laid down for gaining the indulgences. First, it is necessary to move from station to station unless it be a public devotion, when the leader and those who accompany him move from one to another. Of course, if one is prevented, from making this change by infirmity, the narrowness of the place or the presence of a crowd, one can fulfil this condition by some slight movement or turning towards the following station. Secondly, it is indispensably required that the person making the Way of the Cross meditate or at least indulge in pious thoughts on the Passion of Our Lord, though not necessarily on that phase of it represented by any particular station.

Those who, through illness or other cause which prevents their making the Stations in a church or chapel can gain the same indulgences by holding in their hands a crucifix indulgenced for the Way of the Cross and saying with contrite heart and devotion the "Our Father," the "Hail Mary," and the "Glory be to the Father," fourteen times, that is, once for each station, and at the end five times together with one additional for the Pope.—Catholic Bulletin.

Believe him not, O Christian soul, for he was a liar from the beginning; his promises are but vain and illusory; he will not, he cannot keep them. The Lord thy God shall thou adore, and Him only shalt thou serve; for His service you were put into the world, and in that service alone can you find peace and joy whether here or hereafter. If, then, you would overcome the tempter, let us prepare for his attacks after the example of our Divine Lord. During this season of Lent let us withdraw with Him into the desert—that is, from the vain pleasures of the world, let us spend this time in fasting and prayer—ferocious against temptations. Then when the tempter comes, we shall be able with God's grace to repel him, as our Lord did, and the trial over, God will send His angels to fill us with heavenly consolation.

THE WAY OF THE CROSS

One of the principal devotions recommended to the faithful during the Lenten season is the Way of the Cross. It is prescribed for the Friday evening services in all the churches and chapels of the diocese wherever possible. This recommendation of the public Way of the Cross in no way minimize the value of its private performance. In fact, no more salutary private devotion could be made use of during this penitential season, and at any time throughout the year.

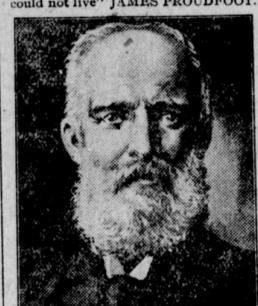
The Way of the Cross is more liberally enriched with indulgences than any other approved devotion. Its origin is most holy. It was first performed by Our Lord Himself when He bore the Cross to Calvary. The fourteen stations bring before our minds the principal stages in that sorrowful journey to the summit of Golgotha where He closed His life amid the tragic surroundings of the Crucifixion. By means of them we are enabled to follow Him in spirit and meditate on all that He endured of pain and sorrow for our spiritual welfare, because it was by the doctors of that first Good Friday that He redeemed the world from the slavery of sin and made human repentance possible and efficacious. The stations of the Cross recall the chief events of that memorable journey and enable us, by prayer and meditation, to compassionate Our Saviour in His anguish. They help to inflame our hearts with love for Him. By their mere appeal they bring forth tears of penance and draw into our souls more copious streams of divine grace.

As we pause before each station we realize how great was the burden of sin which demanded such a sacrifice on the part of the Son of God; and, consequently, just how terrible sin is in itself. At sight of them we are moved to do our utmost to keep sin far from us, and thus to profit by the lessons which the words of the Saviour Himself: "Let a man deny himself, take up his cross and follow Me." All who in the proper spirit of penance and love make the Way of the Cross gain the very same indulgences as are granted to those who visit in person the scenes and places sanctified by the presence of the Son of God in the flesh. This is a great privilege which the Church grants to the faithful and all who possibly can should make the journey to Calvary from time to time, and especially during Lent, as a

TORTURED FOR THIRTY FIVE YEARS

I really could not live without "Fruit-a-lives"

For thirty-five years (and I am now a man of seventy) I have been a terrible sufferer from Constipation. No matter what remedy or physicians I employed, the result was always the same—impossible to get a cure. About two years ago, I read about "Fruit-a-lives" and I decided to try them. I have used "Fruit-a-lives" ever since. They are the first and only medicine that suited my case. If it were not for "Fruit-a-lives" I am satisfied that I could not live! JAMES PROUDFOOT.



The greatest remedy in the world for all forms of Indigestion and Dyspepsia, is "Fruit-a-lives". Doctors as well as hundreds of people proclaim it. "Fruit-a-lives" cures all stomach troubles because it makes the liver active, strengthens the kidneys, purifies the blood and keeps the stomach sweet and clean. "Fruit-a-lives" is the only remedy made of fruit juices. 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, or trial size, 25c. At all dealers, or sent on receipt of price by Fruit-a-lives Limited, Ottawa.

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Believe him not, O Christian soul, for he was a liar from the beginning; his promises are but vain and illusory; he will not, he cannot keep them. The Lord thy God shall thou adore, and Him only shalt thou serve; for His service you were put into the world, and in that service alone can you find peace and joy whether here or hereafter. If, then, you would overcome the tempter, let us prepare for his attacks after the example of our Divine Lord. During this season of Lent let us withdraw with Him into the desert—that is, from the vain pleasures of the world, let us spend this time in fasting and prayer—ferocious against temptations. Then when the tempter comes, we shall be able with God's grace to repel him, as our Lord did, and the trial over, God will send His angels to fill us with heavenly consolation.

SOCIALISM AND THE WORKINGMAN

THE RIGHT REVEREND BISHOP CARROLL OF HELENA IN A SERMON AT SACRED HEART CHURCH, BUTTE, BRANDS SOCIALISM AS AN EMPTY DREAM AND THE POE OF THE WORKINGMAN

The subject chosen by the Right Reverend John P. Carroll, D. D., Bishop of Helena, for the final discourse in a series of sermons preached at the Sacred Heart Church, Butte, Mont., was "The Laboring Man." In the course of it the Bishop dealt with the subject of socialism from the point of view of the workingman. He spoke in part as follows:

"The real essence of socialism consists in the destruction of the right of private property and the common ownership of all means and instruments of production. "It is, therefore, the greatest enemy of the laboring man and that is why the Church hates socialism. Under it the laboring man could never acquire capital and invest it for the future protection of himself and his family, and the ambition to develop himself along human lines—material, mental and moral—would die out of his heart forever."

"Who would work if the state were to confiscate his earnings? Who would drudge day after day in the field, in the factory and down in the mine if his toil were to remain unrequited? Even from an economical standpoint socialism degrades labor, lowers the dignity of the laboring man, deprives him of his rights and would bring back again upon earth (were it not, as it really is, an empty dream) a condition more debasing than

LIQUOR AND TOBACCO HABITS

A. McTAGGART, M.D., C.M., 75 Yonge St., Toronto, Canada

References as to Dr. McTaggart's professional standing and personal life are permitted by: Sir W. M. Meredith, Chief Justice. Sir Geo. W. Ross, ex-Premier of Ontario. Rev. N. Burwash, D.D., Pres. Victoria College. Rev. J. G. Shearer, B.A., D.D., Secretary Board of Moral Reform, Toronto. Right Rev. J. F. Sweeney, D.D., Bishop of Toronto. Hon. Thomas Coffey, Senator, Catholic Recorder, London, Ontario. Dr. McTaggart's vegetable remedies for the liquor and tobacco habits are healthful, safe, inexpensive, home treatments. No hypodermic injections, no publicity, no loss of time from business, and a certain cure. Consultation or correspondence invited.

TRACES HISTORY OF LABOR

"The natural question which arises is in regard to the origin of the labor problem. There was none in paganism because one half of the population were slaves and were condemned to do all the work for the other half, in the field, workshop and mine. The slave and the laboring man were synonymous terms under paganism. The reason of this lies in the fact that the state was the only thing that had any absolute or intrinsic value. Man was mere cog in the wheel of state. He was like a cell in the human organism. Under Christianity man is supreme and the state is his servant. When Christ came He chose the station of a laboring man, and His thirty years in the workshop of Nazareth has glorified the condition of the laboring man."

"He taught the dignity of human nature by declaring all men to be children of God, His own brethren and co-heirs with Him in the kingdom of heaven. The companions of his choice were the children, the poor and lowly, and from the mountain of beatitudes He proclaimed that 'Of such is the kingdom of heaven.' In line with his teaching the great apostle St. Paul, declares that 'There is neither bond nor free, but all are one in Christ.'"

"The Church, animated by the spirit of Christ, has, throughout her long history, ever espoused the cause of the poor and the downtrodden. Her teachings and her legislation have caused slavery to disappear from the world. She rebuked kings and deprived them of their crowns that freedom and justice might be given to the oppressed and poor. She made use of the barons of the feudal days to extort the Magna Charta from the hands of a tyrannical king. When the barons became despotic she used the power of the king to wrest from them the God-given liberty of the third estate."

"The workingmen's guilds of the Middle Ages which secured the rights of the laboring man were her creation and they are the models upon which have been founded the labor unions of our own. The democracy of modern times is filled with her spirit and our own American constitution is founded upon the Catholic principle of the sovereignty and power of God and the rights of every individual man. Thus has the Church, whether under monarchical, aristocratic or democratic rule, always defended the dignity and the rights of man as such, but especially of the poor and lowly."

"Such, also, is the attitude of the Church toward the laboring man in modern times. She believes in the right of private property, because it is an extension of man's personality which is necessary for the development of his intellectual and spiritual as well as his material well being and is the reward of his labor. To make all property and all the instruments or products belong to the state is to deprive the laboring man of what justly belongs to him—to make human life and toil unbearable; to crush out of his breast the hope of progressing for the future of his wife and children."

"That some men have unjustly accumulated property and that the laboring man has been treated as a slave at times is no reason for condemning the present social order. Capital has no doubt at times been cruel and heartless. The remedy is not the destruction of capital, but social reform."

DESTRUCTIVE OF FREEDOM "Socialism is, moreover, destructive of the freedom which has been guaranteed to every man by the constitution of the United States. Its doctrine of equality is diametrically opposed to American liberty. American equality does not mean that all men are absolutely equal in all things and are to be kept absolutely equal in all things. It means that all men have equal rights and opportunities, a free field and no favor. This is the reason why the oppressed and downtrodden of every nation come to our shores feeling sure that their ability and energy will be amply rewarded in this land of unlimited opportunities."

"Let socialism, therefore, give up its utopian dream of absolute equality of all men for it will crush out the ambition which has made our country prosperous."

HEAVY DRINKER CURED

Samaria Cured Him and he Helps Others

A man who has been released from the awful ravings of drink, and whose first thought is to help others, shows the spirit of true brotherhood and philanthropy. Read his letter: "The Samaria Remedy Co., Toronto, Ont. 'Will you please send me books on drink, a circular explaining to you what the drink habit is, I wish to hand these to a friend who is going to a sanitarium. You can send me the books, I have taken your remedy, and I find it all you claim it to be. I never think or taking or using strong drink in any way as all desire for it has left me. I cannot speak too highly of your wonderful remedy. You may use my name in any way you wish in public. H. Lillywhite, Bridge, Ont.'"

Samaria Prescription is tasteless and odorless, and dissolves instantly in tea or coffee, or can be mixed with food. It can be given with or without the patient's knowledge. It removes the craving for drink, builds up the system and restores the nerves. Drink becomes distasteful and even nauseous. Drink is a disease, not a crime. One drink of whiskey always invites another. The inflamed nerves and stomach create a craving that must either be satisfied by more whiskey or removed by scientific treatment like Samaria Prescription. Samaria Prescription has been in regular and successful use by physicians and hospitals for over ten years.

If you know of any family needing Samaria Prescription, tell them about it. If you have a husband, father or friend that is drifting into drink, help him save himself. Write to-day.

A FREE TRIAL PACKAGE of Samaria Prescription with booklet giving full particulars, testimonials, price, etc., will be sent absolutely free and post-paid in plain sealed package to anyone asking for it and mentioning this paper. Correspondence sacredly confidential. Write to-day. The Samaria Remedy Co., Dept. 11, 49 Colborne St., Toronto, Canada.

1912 CONTEST COUNT THE Xs AND Ts \$100.00 GIVEN AWAY And many other prizes according to the Simple Conditions of the Contest (which will be sent). This is a chance for clever persons to win Cash and other Prizes with a little effort. Count the Xs and Ts in the Square, and write the number of each that you count neatly on a piece of paper or card and mail to us, and we will write you at once, telling you all about it. You may win a valuable prize. Try at once. SPEARMINT GUM & PREMIUM CO., Montreal, P.Q. Dept. 646

perous, and like the Juggernaut, ride rough shod over the liberties of the masses.

"Socialism is the enemy of religion and, therefore, is the deadliest foe of the workingman. In vain did the framers of the last national platform of the socialist party of America declare that 'Religion is a private matter, and that socialism has nothing to do with any religion.' The declaration was hypocritical, for the debate that preceded its adoption showed that the purpose of the non-religious plank was simply to get votes. Just as a socialist paper recently said that the aim in advocating woman's suffrage is to win the women's votes from the capitalists. Moreover, to say that socialism is merely an economic theory is to treat in the abstract."

"The great body of our laboring men are opposed to socialism. It was the Butte miners who prevented the Western Federation of Miners from affiliating with the International Workers of the World, a purely socialist organization. At one of its late congresses the American Federation of Labor under the leadership of Samuel Gompers and John Mitchell, rejected socialism by a vote of three to one. The labor unions evidently see that socialism is their enemy. May this knowledge increase and spread."

Whisky Men Gave Out

During one of the campaigns of the British army under General Wolsley in Egypt, the general evolved a very practical test of alcohol as a stimulant to hard work. On one of the long marches which occupied several weeks for its completion, he divided some of his men into three squads; the first squad was given a daily ration of beer and the third nothing to drink except water. At first the whisky squad marched gaily ahead of the others. It was not long, however, before the whisky squad



How Do YOU Spread Manure

THE above illustration shows the difference in crops, between the IHC way of spreading manure—and the pitchfork method. The pitchfork way is slow, hard, and disagreeable, wastes much of the value of the manure, and the results hardly justify the labor and time invested. The IHC Spreader cuts the manure into fine shreds, spreads it evenly, and makes the work easy. Spreading manure the IHC way is bound to result in better soil, bigger crops, and more profits.

IHC Manure Spreaders

Corn King—Cloverleaf

are simple, strong, and durable. They have many advantages that make them superior to other spreaders. All working parts are extremely simple and wonderfully strong. The beater driving gear is held in a single casting, so that there is no binding—no cutting of parts caused by the gears springing out of alignment. The roller-bearing support for the apron reduces the draft. The levers are conveniently adjusted, and can be shifted quickly and easily. The feed changing device can be shifted quickly and easily. The wide range of adjustment allows you to spread manure heavy, medium, or light, as your judgment tells you is best for the soil.

Whether you have a large or small farm, or want a spreader for orchard use or truck gardening—there is an IHC that will suit your requirements. Why not see the IHC local agent at once? Get a catalogue from him, or, write nearest branch house. CANADIAN BRANCHES—International Harvester Company of America at Brandon, Calgary, Edmonton, Hamilton, Lethbridge, London, Montreal, North Battleford, Ottawa, Regina, Saskatoon, St. John, Winnipeg, Winnipeg, Yorkton. INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY OF AMERICA (Incorporated) U.S.A. Chicago



IHC Service Bureau

The purpose of this Bureau is to furnish farmers with information on better farming. If you have any worthy question concerning soils, crops, pests, fertilizers, etc., write to the IHC Service Bureau, and learn what our experts and others have found out concerning these subjects.

CORRUGATED IRON

"All corrugated looks alike to me," says the novice. "Looks alike, yes," replies the experienced builder, "but what a difference in quality!" The contents of most buildings with corrugated iron roofing or siding are exceptionally valuable—factories, barns, warehouses, elevators, etc. Only the best is good enough for such structures—Metallic Roofing Co.'s Corrugated Iron. Absolutely free from defects—made from very finest sheets. Each sheet is accurately squared, and the corrugations pressed one at a time—not rolled—giving an exact fit without waste. Any desired size or gauge—galvanized or painted—straight or curved. Send us your specifications.

N.B.—Insure the safety of your grain. A Metallic Portable Corrugated Granary protects against loss by lightning, fire and vermin—rats, mice, etc. Write us to-day for information. Also ask us to mail you our new illustrated catalogue, No. 70.

THE METALLIC ROOFING CO., LIMITED 1188 King St. West BRANCH FACTORY: WINNIPEG TORONTO AGENTS IN PRINCIPAL CITIES

During The Past Ten Years THE NORTH AMERICAN LIFE has paid to policyholders or their beneficiaries for Death Claims, Dividends, Matured investment and Matured Endowment Policies, etc., the sum of \$6,320,296.41 THE FINANCIAL POSITION OF THE COMPANY IS UNEXCELLED

North American Life Assurance Company Home Office Toronto

was overtaken by the beer squad, which then maintained the lead for some time. But finally the water squad, which was marching at a moderate, steady gait, overtook first the whisky squad, then the beer squad, and reached the destination long before its competitors. The alcohol numbed the sense of fatigue in the two liquor squads but hastened exhaustion from the first. — Sacred Heart Review.

KANTKRACK COATED LINEN Collars The Kantkrack Coated Linen Collar is an ordinary linen collar, but it is waterproof, coated by a patented process which does not alter its appearance of a linen collar. You can clean it yourself in a few seconds by rubbing over the surface with a damp cloth or sponge. Always clean, always ready to wear, always new in appearance, and no laundry bills. Two features which no other collar possesses. It's flexible lips in the front prevent cracking of the folds. The slit in the back makes it easy to button and releases all the pressure from the neck. These Collars are just the thing for the Boys. Buy one at your dealer to-day, or send, stating size and style with 25c. to PARSONS & PARSONS CANADIAN CO., 101 Main St., Hamilton, Ont.

ACETYLENE More Light For Your Money Acetylene, the softest, whitest, most agreeable light known, actually costs less than light from coal oil lamps! A lamp giving 24 candle power, burns a gallon (worth) of coal oil in 20 hours. That's a cent an hour. A 24 candle power Acetylene light burns 1/2 cubic foot of Acetylene per hour, costing just half a cent. Acetylene is a bigger improvement over lamps than they are over the old-time candle. There are no lamps to clean, no chimney to break, no oil to pour, no dirty wicks to trim, none of the nuisances you have had to put up with, and many advantages you have never enjoyed. We'll be glad to tell you just what it costs to put in and run an Acetylene lighting system, and how to go about it. Write us. 15 ACETYLENE CONSTRUCTION CO., LIMITED 604 POWER BLDG., MONTREAL. Cor. McTavish and 14th Sts., Brandon, Man. 427 Richards St., Vancouver.

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Who Used the Towel Before You? Using a towel that has been handled by many different people is an unclean habit. EDDY'S TISSUE TOWELS are the acme of cleanliness. A fresh towel for each person. Absorbent, Sanitary, Economical. Indispensable for Homes, Hotels, Public Buildings, Steamships, etc. Each towel is 14 x 15 inches, 500 in a roll. "Make Cleanliness a habit by using Eddy's Tissue Towels."

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

WHAT IS TRUE SUCCESS?

Let us not make a mistake as to this word success, as to this thing which is getting on in the world, which is the work of life together, and it is always but to "hitch our wagon to a star."

To some success means money and houses and lands; to others, power and fame and high position and political office. But do these things constitute true success? We may acquire wealth and win political preferment at the expense of our good name and the loss of our character.

Let me tell you. True success consists in doing well whatever we have to do, meriting by the faithful performance of our duty the approval of our conscience and the blessing of God.

It is well, however, to remember that no success was ever achieved without steadfastness and perseverance. Every good thing, every thing worth having, is worth fighting for, and fighting means perseverance to the end.

True perseverance not only calls for continuance at our work until it is finished, but also until it is finished in the best possible manner.

Another hour devoted to a piece of workmanship may make the laborer of many precious hours doubly valuable.

Fidelity in small things constitutes the sum of duty. Devotion to details insures perfection. We have the assurance of Holy Writ that "he who counteth small things shall fall by little and little;" while on the other hand, there is incentive and encouragement to perfect duty in the smallest duties of life in the words of welcome spoken at the gates of heaven to the tired and faithful soul: "Because thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will place thee over many. Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!"

What is piety? A controlling reverence toward God, shown by a loving desire to do His will. There is something quite dignified and elegant about the word when we consider its meaning in its true sense; and yet many boys and girls—yes and grown people, too—have a very strong dislike of the word "pious," associating it with what the boys call "goody goody."

Mr. Wauamaker has always insisted upon extremely courteous treatment of customers, whether they are merely looking at goods or purchasing. There is in his stores a certain cordiality and helpfulness which is in sharp contrast with the cold, repelling, indifferent atmosphere in many stores and there is a psychological reason for all this.

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Asthma Catarrh WHOOPING COUGH CROUP BRONCHITIS COUGHS COLDS Vapo-Resolene

has been treated politely and kindly. Making friends of customers is one of the great secrets of mercantile success. This merchant has made, as have the Straus Brothers, owners of the store of R. H. Macy & Company, New York, a study of the man at the other end of the bargain.

WHEN YOU HAVE FOUND YOUR PLACE You will be happy in it—contented, joyous, cheerful, energetic.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS FAMOUS TEACHER What is piety? A controlling reverence toward God, shown by a loving desire to do His will.

MAKING FRIENDS OF CUSTOMERS In an address to his employees John Wauamaker once said, "When a customer enters my store he is king; forget me."

CURES CAKED UDDERS OVER NIGHT Saskatchewan Stockman's Experience With Douglas' Egyptian Liniment

THE STOCKMAN, and more particularly the dairy farmer, has to keep a sharp lookout for one of the most serious troubles of this kind is likely to affect the milk production of his herd.

Mr. W. Robinson, of Ituna, Sask., does not worry about it any more, however, for he has found a quick and certain cure. He says: "I have used your Egyptian Liniment with splendid results. I have had cows caked at night with their udders so badly caked that it was impossible to milk them, but after one application of your Liniment they were all right next morning."

Caked udders demand quick action. The safest, wisest plan is to keep a bottle of Douglas' Egyptian Liniment always on hand.

25c at all dealers. Free sample on request. Douglas & Co., Napanee, Ont.

His feast falls upon January 29 and in his honor we are going to find out what he taught about the one thing necessary; his lessons of practical piety. He is often called the gentleman saint, and although it is not necessary to be learned in order to be a saint, yet we must admit that the two make a very delightful combination.

Saint Francis is famous in the Church for having made piety attractive, and he calls it "true devotion," and tells us we must not paint it according to our own fancy. We must not be one-sided, or, as the school girls are fond of saying "cranky." To avoid this kind of unattractive piety we shall go to school to our gentleman saint and learn of learning much in one lesson.

Our saint was very fond of comparisons, and in this he followed our Blessed Lord's love for similes. He compares piety, or devotion, to rigor because it sweetens what might otherwise be bitter in our daily lives. He says, "It removes discontent from the poor and care from the rich," and we see the truth of his words in our own day, for who is by happy as God's poor? Not the world's poor; nor the devil's poor, but God's poor, whom He said we would have always with us.

And the rich who know how to be the "prey of the poor," who have learned to be God's agents for His poorer children—what does piety or devotion do for them? Makes them kings and queens, indeed, who have a double portion of the riches since all they touch turn, Midas-like, into gold for them.

Read Saint Francis de Sales' "Devout Life," written by a lady of the world, not for his own dear Daughters of the Visitation, and see if you will not agree with the Archbishop of Vienna who wrote to the Saint—"Your book charms, inflames, and puts me into raptures as often as I open it." It is really a book to teach one grace and style in writing as well as lessons in the love of God, so beautiful in its language, so choice and elegant its words. It was translated into all the languages of Europe, and Queen Mary, wife of Henry IV, of France, sent it, richly bound and adorned, to James I, of England. And what think you did the royal James say of it to his Bishop? "Why can none of you write with such feeling?" We might have told him that one must learn before one can teach; and surely our Saint Francis loved God as only such a tender heart as His could love.

I wonder how many girls know that Saint Francis de Sales wrote on the fashion. Indeed, yes—and a charming chapter it is too. He talks first of cleanliness—all the sanitary laws have not taken their rise in our day of germs and the like. He tells us that to be neat and clean is an exterior sign of our interior spotlessness; just as we read that the napkin found in the tomb of our Lord after the Resurrection was folded. What a lesson for untidy big and little people. Saint Francis makes one statement which ought to convince us of how very practical he was—"I would have devout people," he says, "whether men or women, the best dressed of company. I would have them adorned with gracefulness, decency, and dignity." And this is a saint who is talking, but a practical saint who believed that the children of God should be reasonable in all things.

When the beautiful young daughter of Saint Jane de Chantal was going into society, we find St. Francis de Sales waiting to her mother, telling her to buy pretty ruffs, etc., for "provided girls like such things, and, provided her head is moulded after yours, I shall be content." Could there be anything simpler or sweeter than that? And again when another daughter of Saint Jane, the charming Françoise, appeared before the Bishop with her dress not rather low, he simply handed her some pins saying, "I am sure your mother never dressed you like that."

Do we need any further proof of the practical piety of this gentleman saint? Yet all the time he was living in the closest union with God, but so simple, so unaffected, so like every one else it seemed, that even his servant said when he heard of his canonization: "Make a salute out of him! You might as well make a salute out of me."

What do his lessons teach us? That every day life is a school for sanctity and that an upright intention of doing all things for God and leaving the rest to His sweet Providence will make us saintly even without our knowledge. "We must do all things for love," are Saint Francis' own sweet words. "We must love obedience more than we fear disobedience." No better guide than he for a life of simple and childlike trust in the sweet mercy of God, and no surer method than his to walk in the path of practical piety with feet on the earth, it is true, but heart ever fixed on higher and holier things.

Let us take one sentence of the gentle Saint for a New Year motto, and make it serve as the key note of all we do for God this year. "Some days may be dark and dreary," you know; on such days listen to the sweet words of the Saint: "God is satisfied with little, because He knows we have but little, to give."—M. M. Cummings in Sunday Companion.

What kind of consolation do I bring to my friends in the daily path of life? Is it a help and a spiritual support to me to meet me? Do I ever speak to my friends of finding light, strength, remedy, in prayer?

PURE WHOLESOME MADE IN CANADA MAGIC BAKING POWDER CONTAINS NO ALUM RELIABLE ECONOMICAL

PROTESTANT UNITY It is now almost four hundred years since Martin Luther nailed his protest against Rome upon the Church door at Wittenberg. It was the first in a long series of acts in what the apostate monk was pleased to call a reformation.

Well, indeed, might they despair. When matters have come to such a pass that the giving of a Bible to man means, if he read it, the giving to him of a new religion, it seems well nigh impossible ever to work the sheds and patches of Protestantism into a whole garment again.

It is, then, with much interest that the historic Church of Rome will follow the progress of the movement now on foot among the more hopeful of the churches and sects "to prepare the way for the onward and visible reunion of all who confess our Lord Jesus Christ as God and Saviour, and for the fulfillment of our Lord's prayer, 'That they all may be one.'" If this movement shall attain successfully the purpose which it seeks no one will rejoice more than the Catholic Church herself.

She had seen them tossed about hither and thither, misguided and misinformed, fed on the husks of error when the strong and strengthening food of truth was ever within their reach. And always has the mother's love in her heart been expressed in her extended arms, wide open to embrace them all, and the earnestness of her appeal for their return to her bosom is but an index of the warmth of the welcome which these prodigals on their homecoming shall receive. But she is diffident.

She has seen too many similar attempts at unity end in failure; and today as ever she would raise her voice and say that there can be no return to unity, no joining of hands in united

be dominated by the influential element in the congregation—a domination which has extended over his interpretation of the Scripture and left in his hands the covers of a Bible, it is true, but covers enclosing wild vagaries on politics, scandals and everything but what is religious.

There are some who dare assert that we can learn to be happy, that as we become better, so do we meet men of loftier mind; that a man who is good attracts, with irresistible force, events as good as he, and that, in a beautiful soul the saddest fortune is transformed into beauty.—Maeterlinck.

Whenever you feel a headache coming on take NA-DRU-CO Headache Wafers They stop headaches promptly and surely. Do not contain opium, morphine, phenacetin, acetanilid or other dangerous drugs. 25c. a box at your Druggist's. NATIONAL DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO. OF CANADA, LIMITED.

Here are two typical values from the new Spring and Summer Catalogue of The SIMPSON Store

Over two hundred beautifully illustrated pages of DELIVERY-PAID MERCHANDISE

There is a copy reserved for you—send for it to-day. Meantime let us send you one of the wonderful values illustrated here.

G43. This Coat is made of All-wool English Serge, in a neat design, distinctly up-to-date. The colors are black and navy, the dye being there to stay. The back of the coat is semi-fitting and the seams are raised. The front is single-breasted and fastens with three buttons. The collar is plain tailored and the revers are overlaid with black satin, and the cuffs are finished with a stitched tab of self material, ornamented with buttons. There are patch pockets with flaps and buttons. All seams are well bound inside; the coat is lined across the shoulders, and finished with French facings. Sizes 32 to 42 bust. Length 54 inches. Price, delivered \$10.00

G92. This is a Neatly Tailored Suit, noticeable anywhere for its simple grace and dignity. The coat is semi-fitting back and front and lined with grey satin. The collar has large pointed revers and finished with piping of narrow striped fabric. The sleeves are tailored, with cuffs that match the collar. The pockets are stitched in obliquely. The skirt has the new wide front panel, and the fold below the knee line is ornamented at the front seams with little buttons. It has a full length back panel, which fastens to the left. Sizes, bust 32 to 42; waist 22 to 29. Length 38 to 42. Price, delivered \$11.75

N.B. Whether you order fifty cents' or fifty dollars' worth, we pay all delivery charges to your nearest station or post office on everything mentioned in this Catalogue.

THE ROBERT SIMPSON COMPANY LIMITED TORONTO

Christian brotherhood unless once more they return as of old to the feet of Rome's Pontiff and as members of the one true Church, recognize his divinely constituted authority and to give him unmistakable evidence of their loyalty and allegiance.—The Pilot.

THE DIFFERENCE E. S. Wells, "reared a Methodist," with the usual attendance at Sunday school, but who admits that he "has never been and is not now, at seventy, a churchman," states in a letter to the New York Tribune his belief that the slim attendance at Protestant churches is largely due to the Protestant austerity, and that the Sunday services are too stiff, staid and prosy, and have about them too much of a preparing-for-death atmosphere to attract and interest.

Mr. Wells is right in maintaining that religion does not involve an atmosphere of gloom. He is also keen to observe the note of cheerfulness in Catholic worshippers and the absence of it in others. But the cause of the difference he is not in a position to perceive.

The Protestant, if he attends church at all, recites his Books of Common Prayer or chants a hymn and listens to a sermon, but the soul of religion, which is sacrifice, is wanting. The Catholic, too, may read his prayer book and hear a sermon, but, above all else, he unites with the congregation in the only true act of worship, the act of Sacrifice. There is little in Protestant worship to elevate and to cheer; the keynote of Catholic worship is given by the priest as he begins the Mass: I will go unto the altar of God, to God who giveth joy to my youth.—America.

There are some who dare assert that we can learn to be happy, that as we become better, so do we meet men of loftier mind; that a man who is good attracts, with irresistible force, events as good as he, and that, in a beautiful soul the saddest fortune is transformed into beauty.—Maeterlinck.

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Do not follow by thought or by word any purpose that you can not commend to God by prayer.—Henry Digby Best.

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